

BATTLE NEW ORLEANS.

My family was at the Bore plantation when, in the afternoon of the 23d of December, 1814, General Jackson was informed that the British had landed in Louisiana, and that a portion of their troops had been seen on the Villere plantation below the city. I was then at the College of Orleans, corner of St. Claude and Bayou Road, alias Hospital Street, when, at 3 o'clock P. M., a great commotion was observed within its learned precincts. All studies were suspended; the class-rooms shut up; the pupils hurrying to and fro in evident alarm; parents poured in and taking their children away. My cousin, Frederic Foucher, and myself were beginning to fear our being forgotten and left to shift for ourselves, instead of being as well cared for as most of our companions—both our families being six miles above the city, and ignorant of the exciting news—when there came a messenger from Madame Poree, the sister of Pierre Foucher, and the aunt of Frederic, to tender us the shelter of her house at the corner of Dumaine and Royal streets, which is still in existence, with the same antiquated front painted yellow, and with the same balcony on which the two boys stood and saw Major Plache's battalion of uniformed, well-equipped, and well-drilled militia pass under it. That corps was composed of the *élite* of the young men of the city—the *jeunesse d'oree*—and it seems to me that I see now as vividly as I saw then the handsome Edmond Foucher conspicuous in the ranks of those who were thus marching rapidly to meet the enemy. Looking up to the balcony, he saluted his old aunt with a cheerful smile and a wave of the hand that seemed intended to comfort her and dispel her alarms.

At seven o'clock the battle began, and the roar of the artillery, with the discharges of musketry, was almost as distinctly heard as if in our immediate neighborhood. There was not the slightest noise in the apparently dead city. It held its breath in awful suspense. There was not a human being to be seen moving in the streets. We, the two boys and the ladies of the household, petrified into absolute silence by the apprehensions of the moment, stood on the balcony until half past nine, when the firing gradually ceased. But still we continued to remain on the same spot; for what was to happen? Were our defenders retreating, pursued by the enemy? These were hours of anxiety never to be forgotten. About eleven o'clock the oppressive silence in the city was broken by the furiously rapid gallop of a horseman shouting "Victory! victory!" He turned from Chartres Street into Dumaine, and from Dumaine into Royal, still shouting "Victory!" The voice had become hoarse, and yet no human voice that I ever afterward heard was fraught with more sweet music. That night we went to bed with thankful hearts. The two boys soon slept soundly, as boys sleep, with that blissful unconcern which appertains to their age. But I doubt if four kind hostess and her daughters closed their eyes, for they had husbands, brothers, sons on the battle-field, and they did not know at what cost to them the victory had been achieved.

In the morning of the preceding day the famous battle of the 8th was fought on the plains of Chalmette, four miles below the city. In a bee-line the distance must have been very short between the field of action and the Bore plantation, six miles above New Orleans by the windings of the river, for the furious cannonading and the discharges of musketry were prodigiously distinct. The ladies of the family, pale with the natural emotions of fear produced by the dangers of the situation, were grouped on the broad gallery in front of the house. No man was visible, for the only one who had remained at home (on account of his age) had, when the battle began, ascended with slow but firm steps a flight of stairs which led to the top of the portico. At every volley of artillery or musketry, I flung myself on the floor, exclaiming, "Ten Englishmen killed!" "Twenty Englishmen flat on the ground!" and so on.

I continued rejoicing in the fancied destruction of our invaders, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my poor mother, in whose alarm I very little participated. The battle had not yet ended when my grandfather Bore, came down from his post of observation with the same measured step and the same self-possession with which he had ascended, and said to his daughters, who anxiously interrogated his looks, "Dismiss your fears; the Americans are victorious."

"But, father, how do you know it?" inquired my mother.

"You forget, my dear child," replied M. de Bore, with a calm smile, "that I have some military experience. My practised ear has not been deceived. I am sure. The American guns have silenced the English guns. The enemy is defeated."

These words had hardly been spoken when, in the long avenue of pecan-trees that led to the river, there appeared a troop of about a hundred men rushing toward the house. "The English! here comes the English!" was the simul-

taneous cry of the women. M. de Bore stretched himself up to his full height, shaded his eyes with his hand, and after having looked steadily at the advancing crowd, said, contemptuously, "These men the English! bah!"

They came rapidly to the piazza, about six feet high, on which we stood, and along which ran a wooden balustrade. M. de Bore did not understand one word of the language spoken by these unexpected visitors, whose ragamuffin appearance was no recommendation. But if they were bandits, it was comfortable to see that they all were unarmed.

"Who are they, and what do they want?" inquired M. de Bore, surveying them evidently with no friendly eye. He was informed by one of his family that they were fugitives who reported that the Americans had been completely routed, that they themselves were a portion of the defeated, and that they begged for food. The blood ran to the cheeks of the old soldier, his eyes flashed, and he shouted in French to the men: "You lie! The Americans are victorious. You have run away; you are cowards. Never shall it be said that I gave a hospitable welcome to dastardly fugitives from the battle-field. Hence, all of you, or I will call my negroes to drive you away." His words were not comprehended, but his indignant wrath was visible, and his pantomime was expressive. One of the beggarly crew seemed to apprehend his meaning, for he took off his hat and pointed with his index finger to a hole which looked as if made by a ball.

He no doubt intended to intimate that he had faced danger, and that he was not as cowardly as supposed. In making this exhibition he had approached close to the piazza and held his hat aloft. The old gentleman retreated a few steps; then rushing back to the balustrade of the piazza, on which he leaned forward, and looking down upon the suppliant below, shouted: "In thy hat! in thy hat!"—striking his breast violently—"there is where the ball should have been received, and not through thy hat, when probably thy back was turned to the enemy. No! no food for cowards. There is food in the British camp; go and get it."

He was superb at that moment, and turning his back upon the pitiful-looking postulants, he kept up pacing the piazza like a chafed lion in a cage. My mother followed him a few feet behind, as he walked to and fro with a hurried step, and thus expostulated all the while:

"Father, they look so miserable."
"No! no food for cowards. I have said it."
"They seem to be so jaded and hungry."

"No! I say no!"
"Father, they are so wet, and shivering with cold."

"No! no food for fugitives from the field of honor."
"But, father," continued my mother, in a piteous tone, "they may not have fled, after all. Perhaps they only retreated."

Grandfather, wheeling round, with a smile on his lips, and with the usual expression of benevolence on his face, said: "Daughter, I am inflexible. No food shall I give to those wretches. But I am going away, and in my absence you may deal as you please with those heroes of retreat! (auces ces heros de la retraite). True to his word, he disappeared, and was not seen for the remainder of the day.

Meanwhile the little boy, who has grown up to be the octogenarian who writes these lines, had a grand time of it, for big fires were lighted over the vast court-yard, calves and sheep were killed and roasted, huge pots of hominy and of rice were prepared; and he keenly enjoyed the barbecue, if he may be permitted to use this well-known modern expression, that was given to those men, who were a detachment of the Kentuckians that had fled from Colonel Thornton's attack upon General Morgan's command on the right bank of the river, as related in history.—CHARLES GAYARDE, in *Harpers Magazine for March*.

French Duels.

An entertaining article on "Duelling in Paris" is one of the strong features of the March Harper's. It is written by a Parisian authority, Theodore Child, and is capably illustrated by a Parisian artist, Henri Dupray. Mr. Child claims that "never has the rapier been held in higher honor in France than at the present day; never has the art of fencing been taught with more science, and learned with greater avidity; and perhaps never since the time of Richelieu and the Fronde has duelling been more common in France. In spite of the successive and severe edicts of Henry IV., Cardinal Richelieu, and Louis XIV., in spite of the eloquent condemnation of Rousseau and Voltaire, in spite of the prohibition of law and of religion, duelling has remained since the sixteenth century, not only tolerated, but approved by public opinion." The explanation of this characteristic distinguishing France from all other nations, is said to be the proverbial sensitiveness of the French sense of honor, the survival of the combative phase of chivalry, and the national trait to which Montaigne referred when he wrote, "Put three Frenchmen together in the deserts of Libya, and before a month has passed

they will be tearing each other's eyes out." The modern French code of honor is mentioned which allows the slightest offence to provoke a duel, and makes a fight with rapiers or pistols obligatory upon every journalist and politician. Gambetta's famous duel with M. De Fourtou is for the first time fully and faithfully narrated. One of the illustrations represents the actual scene of exchanging pistol-shots at thirty paces, and another shows Gambetta shooting sparrows from his window on the morning of his contest. A droll incident, illustrated by a full-page engraving, is the celebrated duel in the rain between the critic Saint-Beuve and the journalist M. Dubois, in which Saint-Beuve insisted upon holding up his umbrella as well as his pistol, saying, "I am quite ready to be killed, but I do not wish to catch cold." Both adversaries shot four times, but, as is usually the case, neither was harmed.

Lincoln's Life Saved by a Story.

Judge Usher of Lawrence, Kas., probably the last surviving member of the Lincoln Cabinet, relates this incident: "After Paine was incarcerated for his attempted assassination of Seward, he for a long time kept stoical silence. But one day after his sentence he broke into tears as he made his sorrowful confession to Gen. Eckert. Among other things he said about this: 'I was appointed to assassinate Lincoln, and fully intended to do so. Everybody knew his custom was to go over to the War Department, after all the duties of the day were over, for the latest news from the seat of war, and I expected to shoot him on one of these trips; but after I took the contract he did not go over at night for two weeks, and I was reprimanded; so I determined to find an opportunity. I stood behind a tree the night after my reprimand, when Mr. Lincoln and another gentleman unexpectedly passed me. I waited for their return. As they passed Mr. Lincoln was telling a story, of which I caught a sentence. I followed with my pistol cocked, but waited to hear the rest of the story.' Then he related the story. 'The delay saved him, for they were soon joined by others which prevented my shooting. It was a night when the sheet ice on the ground made so much noise it was not easy to hear.'"—*New York Star*

Historical Old Clothes.

Then the old clothes of the great people of history, what an air of dignity they have, even in their decay. Nelson's old uniform, shot-torn and blood-stained; the hoden-gray coat in the library at Abbotsford; what associations they suggest! In what limbo, I wonder, is that yeomanry uniform of Sir Walter's, about which his friend Pringle of Whytbank used to tell so good a story? How they were in Paris together soon after Waterloo. Paris was very gay and crowded, the Emperor Alexander I. and a number of fire-eating Russians being there. The two Scotchmen were asked to some ball given in honor of the Czar where uniform was de rigueur, and Scott was rather in difficulties, till he bethought him of his old yeomanry uniform, in which he accordingly appeared. Being in the course of the evening presented to the Czar of all the Russians, who had no idea as to who he was, that great potentate, struck by a uniform quite strange to him, asked Mr. Scott with some interest in what engagements he had taken part. He replied with ready wit: "La bataille de Crosse-causway, et l'affaire de Trament." The Czar, too polite or too proud to show his ignorance of these battles, bowed with grave courtesy, and said no more.—*Chambers' Journal*.

As to Epitaphs.

On a recent trip through Tasmania, writes a correspondent, our travelling party happened to visit the graveyard at Launceston, and among the various epitaphs discovered the following on a slate-stone slab:

"Beneath this rustic pile of stones
Lies the remains of Mary Jones;
Her name was Lloyd; it was not Jones;
But Jones was put to rhyme with stones."

This was considered fairly good, but on our return our host capped it. In the early days of the colony a rich merchant's wife died. Anxious to provide her a suitable monument, the bereaved husband sent far and wide for a stone-cutter, and by rare good luck found one capable of reading. The inscription was to begin with the verse, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The first five words went on one line leaving room for two more letters. "Crown" could not be divided, but there was another resource. To the stone-cutter a crown was "five bob," so he promptly inserted the symbol £ and the difficulty was surmounted. EDITOR'S DRAWERS, in *Harper's Magazine for March*.

Senator Palmer of Michigan is going to be supported for the next Presidency by all the women. They can't vote, but they have begun the campaign by writing fifty letters a day to him.

WORSE THAN SMALL POX.

A Great Danger Which Menaces an Unsuspecting Public.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred consumptives, are victims of constipated or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to prove what has often been said in our columns during the last eight years, that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their claims after elaborate investigation, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; that these inactive kidneys allow the blood to become filled with uric acid poison; that this uric acid poison in the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed in the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men.

This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the effect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

If this poison is not removed, it ruins every organ. If the bowels, stomach, or liver become inactive, we know it at once, but other organs help them out. Is the kidneys become constipated and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order.

Organs that are weak and diseased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local affliction, when in reality the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys.

Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is incurable, according to the medicine authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine, morphine, or with salts or other physics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflammation, ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The quantity of blood that passes through the heart, passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is, that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known specific for kidney diseases, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments, because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there will be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, head-aches, rheumatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate woman. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood, as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small-pox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised.

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body.

They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation and science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the system as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched, for the least sign of disordered action.

Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, believes neither in dancing nor in punch drinking.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Charles Sangster, the business manager of the Kingston (Canada) *Whig*, was at one time the national poet.

Watch for \$100.00 reward offered by Secrest Medical Company, next week.

A Story About Old Bullion. Mr. Murphy, a veteran stenographer of the senate told me to-day, a story of Thomas H. Benton, I had never heard of before. There has always been a dispute whether congress should adjourn at midnight of the 3d of March or at noon on the 4th. The latter idea has prevailed, although for many years there was a struggle over it each year. Mr. Benton was one of those who insisted that the session expire on the calendar day at midnight on the third day of March, and he used regularly to raise the point. One year when Orr of South Carolina was in the chair Mr. Benton arose at midnight to a point of order, and declared that in his opinion the legal existence of the Senate had expired. Orr asked if the senator from Missouri insisted upon his point of order that he was no longer a senator, Benton's term expiring that day. Mr. Benton responded that he did.

"Then," cried Orr, "the sergeant-at-arms will remove the gentleman from the floor, as by his own confession he is not entitled to it."

The sally was greeted with laughter, and Mr. Benton responded that with the permission of the senator from South Carolina he would claim his privilege as an ex-member of the Senate and remain.

To Save the Oil.

A special from Harrisburg, Pa., says: The bill introduced in the Pennsylvania house of representatives Friday providing that no oil or gas well shall be drilled on any tract within a distance of 300 feet of the boundary line, except it be on the boundary line itself, in which case the product of the well shall be equally divided between the adjoining land-owners, is the first feasible measure that has ever been suggested by which the excessive production of petroleum could be prevented by law. If a law such as the one proposed had been passed five years ago over five million barrels of oil would have been saved to the oil regions, by keeping the supply within the demand and thousands of acres of oil territory now exhausted would have been still untouched by the drill. The bill will be bitterly opposed by a large class of producers, however, and the fight against it will be made on the ground that it is unconstitutional.

A Texas Literary Venture.

In publishing this paper, remarks a Texas editor, we are working under disadvantage. Six subscribers and two copies sold of the last issue of this paper is not flattering to the editor. If an editor of a monthly or quarterly paper, even with a large circulation to begin with, would undertake to publish all original matter he would despair after the first six numbers. We have in stock an immense supply of arguments and explanations in support of our theories, but it would not be proper to publish them unless called upon. Nevertheless we intend to make good our promise to subscribers and publish twelve numbers of this paper with original matter—the acme of literature, according to our reasoning. Under the circumstances we deem it advisable to leave a vacant space in some of the papers.

Mr. Arthur Shurtleff, Parker, Dakota, writes that he suffered for two years with a lame knee, which was entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He considers it a most wonderful remedy. It conquers pain.

London underground railways, during the year 1886, carried 80,474,550 passengers. Fares averaged 3.48 cents.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$3.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

William B. Allison, James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield were sworn into Congress on the same day, December 7, 1863.

If you have numbness in arms or limbs, heart skips beats, thumps or flutters, or you are nervous and irritable—in danger of shock—Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WARD regulates, relieves, corrects and cures.

The German bark *Argo*, recently reported as wrecked at St. Thomas, had two captains die and one commit suicide on the last ill-fated voyage.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Professor Turner, the Edinburgh anatomist, gets \$20,000 a year, the highest salary paid any professor in the world.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c.

The highest price ever paid for a book in Germany is \$1,650. That sum was given the other day at Cologne for a copy of the original Latin edition of the "Letters of Columbus," printed in 1493.

A Good Thing to Know.

Moxie is the only plant known that will give immediate, vigorous strength and produce no reaction. In fact some doctors say it is the only real Nerve Food known. It looks so now. It is made into a perfectly harmless beverage neither stimulant or alcohol, and will remove the tired-out nervous feeling and the effects of stimulants at once. Every druggist keeps it.